

RACE SUICIDE.

**MONGRELIZATION
INEVITABLY INSURES
THIS!**

**"NEC SERVUM MELIOREM ULLUM.
NEC DETERIOREM DOMINUM
FUISSE!"**

--SUETONIUS.

—70-140 A. D.—

NEGRO: *"Never a better Minion, never a
worse Master."*

In this discussion, at the very outset I wish to distinctly assert, I am not a pro-Slavery fanatic; on the contrary I am convinced the Institution from its inception was a terrible handicap to the Whites in the Southern Colonies; and historic records clearly reveal the fact that a majority of the early settlers strongly opposed the importation of Africans, but the British Government, and English slavers, aided by the ardent efforts of the New England Shipmasters, responsible before God for this Curse of Color;—though thanks to print, Publicity and what I shall call prevarication (though a harsher term more fit,) the real Slave Trader, or his descendants who escaped the legitimate indictment, posed as philanthropic Abolitionists, whilst those whose forbears sincerely opposed to the system, pilloried in 1861—as cruel task-masters,—who daily drove their half-starved serfs to the cotton patch and the rice-field by the "Driver's" lash.

Yet these malicious liars, if one of them owned a fine horse worth \$500, and every decade prices going higher, and was charged by some envious poor neighbor with starving and maltreating his nag, no sensible or fair-minded person would give for a moment credence to such misfit mendacity. Slave-holders even if brutal, seldom fools; and it is also certain every "Slave Trader" was fully aware that the value of his "Chattel" depended altogether on his GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION. Starvation, the lash, even too hard labor would soon reduce the value of a stout "field hand" from \$1000 to \$500 or less; and I am sure, tho' Southerners are not quite as penurious as New England Puritans usually, and are far less devoted to the Dollar (their Deity),—it is quite sure it would be difficult to discover one in a thousand who wilfully bent on effectually reducing worth of his own property.

Official records, prove beyond any possibility of refutation, that whilst the Slave Trade existed, hardly any of these were Southerners, but at least five-sixths of them British or New England Negro Dealers. In Colonial days the Yankees profited largely by the Slave Trade; nor did they, on the whole, indulge in any even philanthropic pretences when it was gradually realized, that in their climate, and with an ever increasing addition of Anglo-Saxons and Germans, that White Labor far cheaper than Black. "Abolition," could only begin among "Christians"—when Christ's crude Ethics revised and improved by the Elect of Exeter Hall and Plymouth Rock.

On the contrary, the "Abolition" of Exeter Hall, of Boston and its bigots, in 19th century, was something even the Saints of Salem had never imagined, or dreamed of;—the burning of Witches was clearly sanctioned by the Old Testament (as were many other HOLY atrocities,) and no preacher of that age, nay, hardly even the sinners, would have dared to doubt, still less deny, that the Bible was truly the Word of God, every word inspired. How then could any honest and sincere Christian fail to accept SLAVERY, even the White Bondman to the White, as anything but an institution of Divine Origin. In the Gospels, at a time when "chattel slavery" common in all lands, as well as in Palestine, not only had Jesus, despite his denunciations of so many wrongs, never condemned it, but indeed had openly approved of it in language impossible to misunderstand. Saint Paul was equally outspoken, and—from a sense of duty—returns a Run-away Slave to his Master; yet in that age, the master possessed the legal right to punish—not merely by the lash—but by death.

At the time when New England was selling its "Black Slaves" to Virginia, this evidently not from philanthropic motives, but a very profitable business transaction; the African physically not adapted to a cold climate, and besides every year saw new white settlers coming in, many of them, too, really SERFS, that is "indentured servants." It proved far better to hire these, and sell the negro down South, where every decade he brought a higher price. The "indentured servant" could be held for comparatively few years, therefore the master need not keep him in good condition, could over-work and under-feed him, and then get rid of cost of his support, but with the black slave, as owned for life, the longer he remained in good health, the more valuable as even only a—"chattel." "Chattel Slavery" was a beneficent institution as compared with that temporary servitude called "indentured servants"; and added to these were White Criminals; tho' just because their term of service often longer, probably better treated than the "indentured". Many of these "convicts" really only poor debtors, as in that very Idiotic Age when a creditor could'nt get his "pound"—he could prison the "person", and incarcerate him; he was then equally sure of revenge but of no repayment. Imprisonment for Debt was one of the lunacies of that age; but there are lots of lusty ones still surviving. It would however be altogether untrue, and unjust, to charge these New England slave-holders with being inconsistent, hypocrites or sinners,—because tho' "Christians," they were not "Abolitionists", but essentially "pro-slavery Whites." Just because THEY WERE DEVOUT CHRISTIANS, and so never dared to assume they were wiser and better than their "Savior," they pocketed cheerfully and with a per-

fectly good conscience, the "pounds" and profits they got out of the Virginia planters and Slave Traders down South.

But though it would be unjust and unfair to condemn the EARLY SLAVE HOLDERS of the North for shipping their "chattels" further South when they found White labor really (being more efficient) far cheaper than Black, the case is very different with the "Abolition Party" of the 19th century.

In the last century, any one who opposed Slavery as being an Institution opposed to orthodox Christian principles, I am both LEGALLY and LOGICALLY justified in charging this "Abolitionist" with being a SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITE; that is if he claims to believe in even only the "Synoptic Gospels." Accepting the Old Testament also, as Christ surely did, would make my position even more impregnable.

Now it is well and widely known a large majority of those opposed to Slavery up North, in 19th century, PRETENDED to be devout Christians: and of course all of the preachers if not so—the worst of sinners. In that day, say 1840 to 60, as now, the churches well filled, the parsons well paid (at least far better than many of their congregation,) and to day in the United States the most prosperous and the most powerful of all the "Unions," tho' by no means a "LABOR Union" (a safe way to dodge the plane or plough is to get into the pulpit) is that of the "CLERGY."

From the self-same pulpits, both in Great Britain, and America, that preached Salvation was,—not "of the Jews"—, as Jesus distinctly stated,—but "of the Cross," Slavery was unctiously denounced as being inconsistent with our "Christian Civilization," and yet these blatant hypocrites, in the same

breath, still exalting Christ as the Son of God, and the Gospels as the "Word of God," approved themselves Doctors of Divinity and Deceit. In their methods they were identical with the PRO-AFRICAN Whites of to-day, Thimble-riggers, who with their white and black balls, or ballots, trap and trick you into the conviction the Black is hidden under one cup when it is under the other. Indeed these conscienceless Tricksters are more brazenly mendacious than even that; the RULES of the game made so UNRULY, they reserve to themselves, despite your eyes, the right to claim that White is Black, and Black is White or any other color. So very blind, or dull witted, are thousands of even Southerners, they have permitted this, by no means clever, jugglery, to go on for now over half a century, without even a perfunctory protest.

Yet if, let us say, YOU, my more or less intelligent reader, owned a "marsh-tacky," or pony of the Pine-lands, and some Trader offered you in exchange a "Horse," but delivered only a "Mule," there isn't even a trial-justice's court (tho' some of these have adopted the motto that Justice is "Just Us;") that would hold you to your agreement.

Yet these precisely the methods adopted by nearly all Northerners to-day, in discussing what they shrewdly, and persistently, with a carefully concealed purpose, insist on calling, the "NEGRO Problem;" though it is not by any means truly the long-contested suit of "White versus Black;"—but for the original pure-blooded African, kinky-haired, flat-nosed, a complexion of the "double smut," they have substituted a Hybrid, or if they prefer the term,—a "Colored Gentleman," in whose veins often more white than black blood, and who, in consequence, some times even in character, on the

whole, has really a better right to call himself a White Man, than a Black Man. Yet he, too, is distinctly not an "Aryan," but it would be also an untruth—to pretend that he could be a "Representative Negro."

Booker Washington, it is true, always posed as one, tho' really a mulatto, a Half-breed; and Prof. DuBois, with even less right and reason, also calls himself a Negro; but assuming that they are well educated, and also as intelligent as the average White, both knew they were misrepresenting facts; or to put a hard fact less gently, they were LYING, and this knowingly, and with a very evident purpose; that of misleading the credulous, and obscuring and confusing the whole "Problem": one that has any way some very perplexing features, but only becomes really INSOLUBLE—when facts are suppressed, and falsification and falsehoods substituted.

It is true the modest Mulatto, and the haughty Hybrid, have long since taken their cue—from the far more intelligent, far shrewder, and equally unscrupulous Yankee; whose "New England Conscience" is a sort of "Cash Register;" nothing really wrong if only it PAYS. Defeat deserves damnation, but Success is always sanctified. Even their God measures all things by profits, and pay, and pensions. I confess, their "Gospel," too, somewhat sustains this contention.

What I not only boldly assert, but can demonstrate clearly, even apodeictically,—is, that no man both sincere and intelligent, could with a good conscience deny, that the crossing of two races, two distinct stocks, even if both fully recognized as being far superior to the Negro, for instance "Jap"—and "Gentile," should intermarry (and in certain

very noble traits this "Yellow Man" surpasses even the "Yankee"); yet the Half Breed between these two could not be either fully or fairly accepted as a "Representative Type" of either "Race." He could be neither Aryan nor Asiatic; and if BOTH—that means a mixed blood, and all such are "Mongrels." In India they call them "PARIAHS":—out-castes.

If this true of the cross between two Races, neither of which essentially a low type, crossing the superior Aryan with distinctly inferior African, will just as surely result in a lower type, as by mixing water with wine—you weaken the last. Prohibitionists, however, might insist this is improving it; just as Prof. Merriam of Springfield, Mass., insists hybridizing would give us the "Super Man;" a hint as to his own color, I can fairly assume.

The QUADROON, still more the OCTOON, in color, and usually also in intelligence, often very closely approximates to the White type; and their women frequently,—complexion apart,—more beautiful, and this only adds another very strong reason for a pure and honest white man's objection to "Social Equality;" as after all, though the Aryan more closely approaches the "Super Man,"—he is surely NEVER AN ANGEL.

As with cross-breeding, that is amalgamation, this—with equal truth and force—leaves both Black and White, without the possibility of any truly Representative Type of one or the other surviving, both annihilated, extinct:—what is this, simply and truly, but

RACE SUICIDE?

It is true, the Blacks ardently and always, ready to "embrace this opportunity," and their antipathy

to their own race so great, they oft, to attain their end, risk even a "Lynching." Yet this, perhaps natural desire for LOSS OF CASTE—only proves their inferiority. That the lower should desire to climb higher, after all not so discreditable: but when we find the man on the Sunlit Summit—crawling down thro' the slime into the slums, what can he be but a Dirty Degenerate cur.

That the Hybrid (the higher his type the more inevitable, and excusable) should strive so strenuously for SOCIAL EQUALITY, is not only comprehensible, but would be astonishing if he did not do so, as that would lead most assuredly—not only to interbreeding, but to intermarriages; and once these became frequent, the hybrid type would not suggest the BRAND of Bastardy, but become a BADGE of Honor.

Even POLITICAL EQUALITY, in any community where "manhood suffrage," if the inferior race outnumbered the superior, there can be no doubt all the higher, more likely even all offices from policeman to president, would be held by Blacks and Yellows, with here and there a few white scallwags, and "Carpet-baggers." This would mean the White subordinate, and if so, gradually degraded.

Even among the most radical Abolitionists of old—very few consistently ignored the "Color Line." Emerson, Thoreau, Higginson, Parker, Phillips, Garretson, and many others, were essentially accomplices of John Brown, that is they HIRED THE ASSASSIN, but lacked the courage to face the danger as he did. Yet as far as I can discover none of these Cultivated Cowards, at least in their own families, encouraged interbreeding. Casuists and conjurers can play their tricks, and assert that COLOR in a Race means as little as it does in Roses;—but God and Nature gives them the LIE.

Even the Hybrids, where one might suppose complexion no longer complicated matters, prefer their own special SHADE. Prof. DuBois proudly proclaims (what I do not doubt is a fact,) that "His Family" has for good many generations only inter-married with their own color; yet he very inconsistently damns Whites for dodging the "Touch of the Tar Brush" just as he does.

As "Confederates," who surely were not CONVERTED by superior numbers, but CONQUERED, and not by CANONS of the Church, but by CANNONS of the Army, we can now see very clearly that Victory, doubly so if complete, inevitably corrupts. On the other hand, Defeat tends to degrade, as it lowers a people's patriotism and pride, and with it often disappears that manly self-reliance, which is not merely empty vanity; indeed without this virtue chivalrous instincts and a high sense of honor seldom long survive. First the more common pottery gets broken by the rough handling accorded to the spoils of war, and at last even the sanctified chalices, and the censers of the Old Faith, become dull and disfigured, and are discarded as shards.

In past fifty years I have seen scores of men, who when in contact with Blacks, have Truckled, yet if in 1859 you should have predicted their later course, if it hadn't ended in a duel, you would have been denounced as a defamer. It is true this lowering of all the old standards, has come so gradually, so insidiously, the man who is now demoralized and lowered, even if not a fraud, hardly realizes how far he has fallen; and it is because he was not hurled down a hundred

feet at the start, but has been descending very slowly step by step, even inch by inch.

I can see this clearly, cannot shut my eyes to it, but this is doubtless because for nearly forty years I have been an out-lander, only revisiting my natal soil, the Black Belt, at comparatively long intervals, and in that way I get a better chance to focus the facts correctly. Probably if I too had never got away from the vitiating environment, would have remained in what some might choose to call "blissful ignorance;"—but the blind man is walking straight to an unescapable BLACK Precipice, high enough to smash both color and conscience out of him, Nor is he going to escape destruction, even if he is not foolishly closing his eyes, but controlled by his environment and handicap'd by habit.

I am quite justified in enrolling in this big brother-hood of either Blind Men or Block-heads, every employer of Colored Labor at the South, whether a plowman or a plutocrat, whether the wife of a peddler or of a planter. Each in his or her degree, now more, now less, piling up the Racial Debt, the Colored Curse, that sooner or later, no "Providence" could save us from; unless PROVIDENCE, New England;—and the "Yankee" now,—after more than fifty years of what he calls a "Froud Peace," tho' he keeps us (of the Sunny South) still in his "Pillory,"—efficient, still less cordial help—is never likely to come from that quarter—UNLESS:—

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Unless a bloody struggle should have fairly begun, with butchering and burnings in our homes, even

white women raped, and white children slaughtered, then I am sure, there are no pure-blooded Aryans (unless a few degenerate renegades) in the Old Free States, who would not march South in wrathful legions, and both the brainless Black, and the haughty Hybrid, would be swept away from this Continent like chaff before a prairie-fire. Blood will tell; Race will Rule!

But as long as this Race question remains political only, as long as the Colored Contingent, kept out of all higher offices, there will be an alliance—for profit—between the Whites up North, and the "Lily Whites" down South. But my Republican Friends (mean who pose as "Lily Whites" in the South)—, how can you, when reading speeches of Northern Republicans in Congress, or the most influential of their newspapers, imagine they are going to sacrifice Sambo as long as any possibility of PAP and PLUNDER? They have been PLEDGED IN HONOR, since at any rate 1864 to give the Blacks "POLITICAL Equality;"—and only an actual bloody struggle between the races could FORCE them to forfeit that PROMISE.

Now I hope even my fellow "Hayseeds" in Henderson county (I am no cultured or coupon-cutting "Citizen", God forbid!), will not suppose because I am opposed to THEIR variety of VICE, I am a very devoted and dogmatic Politician. It is true I am growing old, and my vision not reliable, but I can fully understand a "sight" more than I can see;—and any man in the South who supports the Historic Republican Party, is inevitably taking part with the

"COLORED PEOPLE"—AGAINST HIS OWN RACE. There isn't a Negro, nor a Yellow man in your section, that doesn't grin whenever a Harding goes in, and a Wilson goes out. What astonishes me, is that men of my own color, apparently, too, not exactly—idiots, fail to see this. The very back bone of their party would break if the Darkies all dead: or even if all VOTED.

It is true, these Northern Republicans don't care a D. (I mean not Damn of course—just "Doughnuts") for the Hottentot or the Hybrid, but as he so enormously outnumbers the whites in the South, given the ballot, he can out-vote him hopelessly. The suffrage once fully granted, even the "Lily Whites," unless they turn to "Yellow Lilies," will be left a long way in the lurch. Shrewd Republicans North will never sacrifice, say five million black Voters, for even a million "Lily White" ballots. The only powerful Republican element South are the Negroes. Once given the franchise the "Lily Whites" only the white Tail of the Black Dog; and the Dog wags the Tail.

As far as political principles are concerned, there isn't the pick of a penny between the two parties, except—"office-holding". Well, yes, there is just one other little prejudice perhaps I have against the "Northern Republicans": statistics, income taxes, and even more "Election Contributions" prevent my proudly pretending that my party, tho' Democrats up North represent the Upper Class, the Plutocrats. Down South the class possessing the most brains as

well as the most bank bills are undoubtedly the Democrats: the very reverse is true in the Old Free States.

But perhaps I haven't got much "brains" myself, as my instinct is always to sympathize with the under-dog, with the ploughman against the plutocrat, and once (but I was young then) I did fight,—very imprudently too,—on the weaker side, and so badly walloped, the badges I have worn ever since, have been "Patched Breeches". In all my long and never lucrative life, I have never once run for office (never even had a chance to run away from it, as no doubt really brilliant men often do.)—I would far rather have a good Pudding than the Presidency (unless of course allowed to swap)—and I should prefer today even to vote for a Republican Angel, than a Democratic Ass (I have never even heard of the first, but suspect I have seen some of the second;—was his name Bryan or not?);—but just as long as the Democracy fights under the White Man's banner I shall fight to my last button on that side; and as long as the real rulers of the Republicans, and the "controlling stock" of that Party, in hands of those, forever cursing and kicking the Whites of my own section, and complimenting (even arming Blacks for a future war as best they can by education and training) and cashing Cuffee's checks,—I shall oppose the Republican Party, in the same way if I could, and for the same reason I should a burglar who would break into my Bachelor's Boudoir at "Oloverpatch;" and at least one did that twice.

In writing this perhaps very in-efficient anti-African Philippic, (which I hope may induce

some one more influential and competent to continue the campaign), before my often too sanguine, perhaps even sensible "Fellow Lowlanders" pillory me, not as a monster but a misfit fighting phantoms, let me ask them to read just two studies of this Race Problem; I regret to say not written by Southerners (these prefer tender fictions to tough facts,) but both by Northerners, one a New Yorker and the other from (it's a miracle) actually New England, once the very headquarters of the Angels of Abolition.

One of these books is, "The Rising Tide of Color" by Prof. Lothrop Stoddard;—a very able presentation of a Problem that concerns not only the South, but the North, and all and every Aryan from New England to New Zealand, from Bohemia to Buenos Aires. The other, of much earlier date, by Mr. Madison Grant, who with great moral courage (fanatics are always fools, and therefore all doubly dangerous, tho' less so as foes than friends) boldly proclaimed the fact that in fighting against the ESSENTIALLY REPUBLICAN doctrine of Race Equality, the Whites of the South, nine-tenths of them Democrats, were really bravely battling for the salvation of the Old Free States.

The truth of the matter is: the only essential difference between the Republican Party of the North, and the Democratic Party of the South, ignoring of course the pick-pockets—pensioners—and place hunters, is fundamentally, not any well defined antagonism in principles,—other than those—that are altogether and radically RACIAL. If the Republican Party tomorrow, I mean of course the "Lords" not the

"Lilies," should repudiate all their Darkie dogmas and Colored Commandments, about that "EQUALITY" Jesus preached but never practiced: and the Democrats should recant and swear allegiance to the African, I should straightway, and with good conscience, join the Party that over fifty years ago had for its Angels Abolitionists (not omitting John Brown,) and for God—"Father Abraham," of Kentucky.

If I could discover in the South today such able champions of the Rights of my own Race as those named above (and that we should familiarly probably call "Yankees")—I should never have put pen to paper, but stuck to the ruts where a rustic belongs, as I realize my "stylus" lacks "style", and my pockets even shallower than my pate; that doubly significant at this period when paper so gilt-edged, only millionaires can afford even visiting cards. I am not one of the "Elect"; never even one of the "Elected", diminutive as even that distinction is. A Pedigree Promoter, who mistook me no doubt for another fellow, spoke feelingly once of my "Distinguished Family"; I had to explain with that "blush of conscience innocence", which is one of my very few really valuable possessions, that I belonged to a strictly "Extinguished Family"; but just because robbed of my Riches, I cling more closely to the one blessing left me—my "RACE."

In writing this article, let me say, I do so because my own "fellow Sufferers" in the South seem so convinced that there is no "Suffering";

there is really no "Negro Problem", in even the Black Belt the Whites are cheerfully recognized as a Superior Race, and there never will be made any effort by even the Haughty Hybrid to supplant them. The more we elevate our Inferiors, the better educated they are, the more they approach in appearance, manners and intelligence to the Aryan, the less disposed will be these "Colored Gentlemen" to claim every right and privilege we possess. If we do not grant him the franchise, he surely is wise enough to recognize that relieves him from immense responsibilities, saves him even from making those absurd blunders that we ourselves often do; if we deny him the "parlor" we leave to him the "patch", which is far more profitable; and if he can't be a politician we generously grant him that far higher calling the preacher; if he can't hope to become President, he can attain to the dignity of Professor; a position where there is now and then no lack of ability, whilst any Amiable Accident, can make an "Executive".

I think the above pictures the Paradise now patented in the Old South, as seen by those sanguine Southerners, who consider time and trouble wasted to worry over what may happen only Tomorrow. Let us feast and be merry today, and leave it to Providence to arrange the future, and the funeral. We are good orthodox Christians, and we put our trust in the "Savior", who held up to us as an example the "Lilies of the Field, that toil not nor do they spin": we propose to take things easily, and live as the "Lilies" do.

It is perhaps fortunate for us, that whatever indictment we may bring against our "Bosses"—the "Yankees", we have to recognize the fact, that they are not only energetic and shrewd, but among them a much larger proportion of men of learning and culture, than with us. Not only are all the well known Publishing Houses there, but nearly all the best writers, and authors; in fact we have practically none. How earnestly do I wish that I could turn over all my MS. to one of these famous Literati, and get him to substitute his name for mine. Even among my own people thousands would accept his views as correct, where mine probably ignored.

Such being my disabilities as the Defender of a Cause I hold deserving of both Swords and Sacrifices, a Plowman usurping the "purple" of a Professor, if not the perfection of a Preacher, as all my efforts to argue out the case may fail; in closing I shall cite some occurrences that at least the most captious critic would have to confess susceptible of PROOF or of DISPROOF; as I shall cite facts quite well known in Henderson county, North Carolina, as recently as March 1920; and it must not be forgotten, this county overwhelmingly Republican. What astonishes me is that men not fools, some of them even too sharp (and those often cut their own fingers,) fail to see that the Republicans North are using them as a cat's-paw; once the colored people of the South all given the franchise, with a mere handfull of "Lily Whites" and several million Nigger votes that

can be made use of to increase enormously their own power, it must be manifest—the real leaders, will far prefer to have planted in their preserves, a million Black Tulips rather than a score of the most brilliant “White Lilies”; and how fast then these last will fade into futility. If then these SOUTHERN Republicans remain loyal to their present political affiliations, only one of two courses possibly open to them:—to go North, and annex the Yankee, or if they remain South to affiliate amiably, and even affectionately, with the Blacks, as these last will have nearly all the higher and best paying offices in their gift. Or do these witless Whites imagine,—a shrewd, selfish, unscrupulous “Trade Union” of Northern Politicians, are going to KICK OUT ungratefully some millions of devoted Darkies (who are born of that brand) to gratify a few hungry white hunters of soft snaps?

But to “return to my muttons” as the French say: You see, we fellows who now only Tramps, like to slip in a stage whisper now and then, that would lead our “Hayseeds” at home to think we had really once been—top knot—TOURISTS: addicted to far travel and fine tastes.

It was not long ago, that an old “Corn-fed” (was really that for three years) who prefers his summers ON ICE, and his winters SOFT-BOILED, doubtless thro’ lack of dollars, as even doughnuts were dear (bakers claiming even the “hole” now costing twice as much)—found he

had to remain near his own Cabin thro’ the season when blizzards are in bloom. By merest accident, as he no longer goes to school (tho’ probably ought to,) he discovered that the Principal of a not distant High School for Whites only, was essentially a Missionary of Misceginination, that is, trying to CONVERT, or was it not PERVERT?—his young pupils to the belief, that what we sorely needed in the South was RACE EQUALITY; indeed he was manifestly TEACHING IT, making, what might be fairly termed RACE SUICIDE, part of his curriculum. And assuming this a “consummation devoutly to be desired,” surest plan, and safest is to get hold of the very young, as the Church of Rome shrewdly discovered ages ago. The mind of the child is like wax, it is plastic, it is easy to stamp on it any figures, fictions or facts; but let these remain say for 20 years, often for even a dozen or less, this mentality, now mature, has become as adamant; it can never be changed, as a rule, except by breaking or burning it. (They say some churches prefer the latter method.) Petrification now complete. Luckily I live in a less religious age.

Our Old White Man, was not considering this matter from a political standpoint at all, whether Republican or Democrat, he sincerely believed every decent white man or woman in Henderson County, would as bitterly resent this Prof. McA-Dam’s efforts to Corrupt the Kids as he did; without any desire to play the

Hero, and never dreaming he was, risking martyrdom, our rather rusty and rustic Champion of the Supremacy of his own race, inspired by indignation perhaps rather than intellect, managed to prime his pistol, that is a somewhat savage "SQUIB" (these it is customary to load, not with PLATITUDES but PEPPER,) and exploded it, so to say, right under the nose of this pro-African Professor; that is, his Protest was in print, and made public. Just for convenience, and to save "type" (judging by cost, must now all be "precious metal") I shall call our believer in White dominance, say, "U. G." --and the School Board, and editor Hollow-hell of the Democratic WEAKLY, let us say "McAdamites." Our pro-African Professor, not a Yankee, but North Carolinian, I think of "Salem City"; and his devotion to the darkie, quite justifies the assumption that his ancestry in some degree affiliated with the Color he so highly approves of.

The School Board promptly denounced "U. G.," in terms more scurrilous than complimentary, (bagging Saint Teodor, the Tough's Thunder,) as an "Undesirable Citizen." Perhaps fortunately for his finances, old "U. G." had never been a "citizen"; in fact as his very shabby old Hut taxed at Hotel-rates for years, he had long realized, if rough rusticity came so high, municipal magnificence in a metropolis of even only 3700 souls (or should I not say, 7400 soles; anyhow more exact) would strip him

so bare, he would not have a rag left to PATCH his Clover-patch with. At over 20 years of age cabins begin to crumble.

Our champion of White Supremacy naturally, almost necessarily, replied to this defiant document by the Devotees of the Darkie, but the "News," the Democratic WEAKLY refused to print and publish it even at FULL ADVERTISING RATES. This may have been from a real charitable feeling on the part of the Editor; who perhaps knew his "rates" would ruin the old man. At any rate, tho' most certainly not openly defended by a single one of his own Race, in fact made to feel, on the whole, that his opposition to "Race Equality" in that community would never get him into Congress, practically tabooed as at least a meddler and muddler, single handed, the Old Man managed to open fire on the enemy, with his little "Battery", but as it was only loaded with "brains", in a world where "bank-bills" alone win,—it must be confessed, the pro-African Party triumphed: as is clearly proved by the fact, that when Prof. McAdam, "jaurel-crowned" and lauded, retired from the arena, another and higher institution of War and Wisdom, near by, the Carolina Military and Naval College, welcomed him with open arms as one of their Faculty.

If there isn't a "moral" to this tale, surely there is much meaning to it; and if in the WHITE BELT of the South, public opinion ahead-

y becoming a little DISCOLORED, if ever in the BLACK Belt, every Sambo and every Sukey armed with the ballot, is it possible for any intelligent person, of any color, not to know what the inevitable END will be?

If my "fellow citizens", or perhaps more truly my "fellow sufferers" in the late lamented "Confederacy", believe there is more joking than justice in my profession of Faith, my Religion of Race, they are painfully mistaken, and in due time will have to pay the penalty, as all procrastinators and Policy-holders do.

That variety of "race suicide", Saint Teodor the Tough used to rant and rave about, was a far more excellent arrangement than Providence often indulges in,—indeed a "blessing in disguise". There is a very definite limit to Land, but not to laborers and loafers; indeed this is so very sure, it is equally certain even Land-lords some day will be left in the lurch, unless they can encourage that military spirit which will surely lead to such wars as that of William the Worst. By such Butcheries elbow-room is usually left for the Lords of Lucre, as their tracks never lead to the "Trenches."

The CRIME, however, that Nature, or God if you prefer, never has forgiven is MONGRELIZATION; and its inevitable punishment, not in the next world, but right in this, is the annihilation of any people, the destruction of any Nation, that dares to encourage it. That

people perishes, that Nation finds its Nemesis in oblivion, and the age-long records of the Past reveal but their ruins: what is this extinction but

RACE SUICIDE!

DEVERON HUGER,
of "Cloverpatch,"

Hendersonville, N. C.,
June 1921.

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